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For the Sunday Appeal.]

LINES, ON THE DEATH OF MRS. P. M. WINTERS.

The following lines are offered as a simple tribute to the memory of one whose worth was worthy of a better pen; yet, however poor the meed, 'tis not the less sincere:

A true and generous heart has ceased to beat—
A pure and gentle spirit hence has fled
To realms above, where kindred spirits meet;—
A wife, a mother, and a friend, is dead!

A wife, who filled her husband's house with joy;
A mother, who her children raised to God;
A friend, whose friendship showed without alloy,
Now calmly sleeps beneath the cold, green sod.

J. J. B.

THE ANGEL AND THE SUNSHINE.

La t evening I saw an angel
His great white pinions wave,
And he passed through a quiet churchyard,
And stopped at an infant's grave.

And taking a ray of sunshine
Out of his pinions bright,
He left it among the violets,
And it formed a cross of light.

This morning I went to the churchyard
All through the soft spring air:
The angel had flown to heaven,
But the sunshine still was there!

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

A woman's love—that motive power which has so often swayed the world—of what lofty flights is it not capable; to what depths of misery will it not follow its beloved object? When hope strews her brightest flowers in man's path, wealth places in his hands all her vast power, fame crowns with success every effort to which ambition calls him, then is the love of a true woman, his proud companion, rejoicing in all which so delights her idol, adding to his already overflowing cup of happiness by her grateful sharing of it with him.

Woman, when admitted to her proper sphere, is the center round which are gathered all of wealth, fame or happiness her lover or her husband can offer; and it is through her and her love, her appreciation of his talents, and espousal of his lofty ambition, that he, steadily advancing, reaches that point in his career where her love giving, as it does, new glory to his every act, can desire nothing more for him, and rests contentedly and happily with him in that position of honor it has contributed so much to obtain for him. This then is woman's love during the summer days of life, when flowers bedeck the earth and gentle breezes waft to her feet life's choicest blessings with which to crown her loved one; but as the soft and lovely rays of the queen of night are lost in dazzling glory of a summer's day, so with woman's love—though present throughout life's pleasant hours, glowing with intensity unequaled by all other sentiments, still, like the gentle moon, it is not until the darkness of night falls upon it, that one dearer to her than all earth's treasures, when sorrow and misfortune seem to have marked him for their own, that woman's love shines forth glorious and radiant, hoping, trusting, believing still, with that simple-hearted tenderness so eminently characteristic of her sex. No trial so severe, no humiliation so great that it cannot be borne; and, be it the case, that a world's scorn is the penalty of her love, that contumely and opprobrium is heaped upon her darling, or is she obliged, unfitted perhaps as she may be by habit or education, to toil for his support—all, all is then ready to be laid upon the altar of her love, to be consumed by that pure and sacred fire which has burned for him in prosperity and happiness, and which will be extinguished only when she shall cease to live.

Oh, you who are the blessed objects of the love of a pure, good woman—be you in prosperity or adversity does pleasure invite, or sorrow threaten, whatever your circumstances—love and cherish her who loves you. God has given her an all-enduring devotion, but he has also given her you as a support—like a tender, clinging vine she is to you, the sturdy oak—and if you throw her off, her love which is her life must die. And when the storms of life shall have marred the pride and beauty of a life you deemed complete without her, too late will you regret the love which would, with the ever-freshening verdure of devotion, have hidden almost from yourself the wounds made by remorseless Time.

Love her, then, cherish and respect her; for though in your hours of ease and pleasure, she is by nature the "weaker vessel," yet in those dark, unhappy days which sooner or later come to us all, she rises from her lowly position, becomes adviser, consoler, and perhaps actor in your behalf. And her love is the one thing which from the beginning has been yours and yours only, her life-long devotion, your follower and comforter even unto death.

IMAGINARY ILLS.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

Imagination sometimes plays some curious tricks with our thoughts. During a serious discourse, by one of our most eloquent divines, on the text, "I would not live always," I was tortured last Sabbath by that ungovernable fancy which sometimes turns our thoughts immediately from the most solemn subject to something so ludicrous that we hold our sides to prevent a regular shaking laugh. The beloved Divine was giving the various causes which made men desire to try another sphere of existence, and remarked that troubles, sometimes frivolous and unreal, urged men to self-destruction. At this my fancy seemed to spring at once to the banks of a lone river. There I saw before me, on the high bank, a coat, pair of pants, boots and all other necessary apparel of a man. Surprised at these things, I looked about to see what was the matter. It occurred to me that some one must have gone through all the preliminaries to a bath, and I was about to proceed on my walk when my attention was drawn to a paper, folded and addressed "To whom it may concern." Thinking that I might be indirectly effected by its contents, I seized upon it and read the following wonderful document:

STATE OF TENNESSEE,
SHELBY COUNTY,
Near Wolf River.

Know all men by these presents, that I, John Todd, of above written State and county, being of sound mind and body, in view of the multifarious evils of life, the little of good, and the inability of the undersigned to change affairs so as to please himself entirely, have determined to drown myself. And I make this my last statement of causes that drive me to this consummation of my earthly desires in order that the world may not accuse me of hopeless love, or devoted melancholy on account of proximate starvation. The truth is, I have become tired of life and intend to shorten my days for the following causes, to-wit:

First. I find it necessary to work for a living, and see no prospect of ever getting above a comfortable salary.

Second. I am full of remorse; the truth is, I die principally for remorse. In early youth my father got me a gun. I killed, first, my mother's favorite cat, hid it away in the woods, and afterwards assisted in hunting for its remains in every place where I knew it was not. That cat haunts me. In the next place my beautiful dog Cæsar persisted in hunting birds when I wanted rabbits, so I killed him, and gave as a reason that I found him with his head buried in one of my father's fat ewes, having killed her himself. After this story I failed to find the dead ewe for my father, and he caught me—actually in the lie. I am ashamed of that until now. I die also for that shame. Once again I took that ill-fated gun abroad, and creeping under a hedge, I looked out in old Bennett's field and saw a fine flock of turkeys. Immediately I yelped them up, and although I discovered they were the favorite fowls of old Mrs. Bennett, I cut loose at them, killing the mother hen. I picked off enough feathers to make it appear a wild turkey, made the little negro with me think I was Nimrod himself, and did very well until the turkey came on the table. Its meat was so white that I sickened. My father also noticed the white meat. The wild turkey's flesh is dark. "Why, my son! whose turkey have you got?" I flew from the house. I dislike turkey to this day, and I will never eat any more turkey. The tame turkey haunts me still ——.

As I paused after *still*, I heard a terrible surge in the river—a long blow, a hard blow. I looked down, and a Saxon-haired youth emerged from the waves, pale as a ghost, and almost completely relaxed. He crawled upon the sloping bank and dropped gently down exhausted. I walked peaceably to the fellow, holding the "concern" in my hand. As soon as his languid eye caught sight of the instrument, he snatched it from me, and, naked as he was, tore it asunder, threw it into the stream, and debarred me from satisfying my curiosity by reading the long list of causes for remorse and its consequent would-be suicide.

Men destroy themselves for many causes as frivolous as the above mentioned. Pride-fallen, love-crossed, neglected, weak-minded creatures too cowardly to brave the little ills which are overcome hour after hour by many a delicate, trusting, pious woman—such as the wicked scoff at and deride, because they are followers of the Savior. My truant thoughts were recalled to the excellent sermon at this juncture by my wife, who thought I had been nodding. Indeed, I came near committing suicide that evening, because she insisted that I did nod. She is of that opinion still.

Charity—A Jewish Parable.

For the Sunday Appeal.

One of the sages of Israel thus descants in the language of fabulous narrative on the great Masonic virtue:

"Bound on an errand of no trivial importance, his basket filled with viands, a philanthropist pursued his onward course until the distant horizon presented to his imagined view the prospect of Heaven and Earth kissing each other. The scene filled his breast with glowing emotions; his heart wrapt in delight, his eyes riveted on the grand, the imposing and charming delusion before him, caused him involuntarily to drop his burden. After a lapse of some time, spent in the most delicious reveries, he looked for his basket, when lo! it had disappeared. "Are there thieves in this place," he inquired? A voice responded "Wait patiently:" and patiently he awaited the destined period of the Earth's revolution around her axis when he discovered the object of his loss."

COMMENTARY.

In this fable, the sage of Israel, depicts in glowing colors, the bright effects of deeds of charity. The man who fills his basket with the common necessaries, wherewith to relieve the distress of the indigent, and starts on the course of life, as an angel of benevolence, renders the link between Heaven and Earth complete. He draws down the blissful objects of Heaven to unite in a holy and celestial wedlock, the spiritual with the material. Heaven, through his agency, seals its immaculate word—its pledge and sacred promise to Earth, with a pure and celestial kiss. As a bride-groom faithful in love, holy in his unalloyed affections, confirms his devotion with a manly expression of his fervid soul, while yet at the altar, and under the canopy erected to spread its hallowed folds over their sacred union, Heaven sips from earth and earth returns its pledge.

A Bride's Disaster.

A bridal party recently arrived in Houston from Galveston. As the car containing the newly wedded pair was crossing the draw, the fair bride leaned out of the window to catch a farewell glance of the Island City. Her affectionate and newly-made "lord and master" trembling with anxiety for the safety of her who was all the world "and the rest of mankind" to him, tenderly encircled her slender waist with his coat sleeve, and softly whispered, "pray take care of yourself—don't fall overboard, darling!" Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, ere the blushing beauty uttered a faint but audible scream, and sinking back in the cushioned seat, pressed her embroidered handkerchief to her face. "Poor darling is frightened," said the loving Benedict, sympathetically. But "poor darling" bowed her head and would not be consoled. To tell the unvarnished truth, she had lost a set of bran new teeth!

—Paris eats 2,000,000 pounds of gingerbread annually.

—The New York *Times* has sued the city for $25,000 for advertising.

—Twelve ministers in New York city receive annual salaries of $10,000.

—The stock of raisins on bond at Malaga, June 15th, was from 60,000 to 70,000 boxes.

—The aggregate value of domestic produce received at Milwaukie last year was $45,000,000.

—The hop crop of Wisconsin in 1867 was worth over $3,000,000.

—Philadelphia has 328 public schools, in which there were 80,410 pupils last year.

—The product of the Canadian fisheries in 1867 was valued at $910,589.

—A journal in Chinese and English has appeared in San Francisco.

—Prof. Gamgee estimates that the loss of live stock in the United States last year amounted to $102,188,295.

From the Evening Mail.]

"THE END OF SIN."

BY HARRY L. FLASH.

Apropos of Water street, and Mr. Dyer, and John Allen, and *Packard's Monthly*, and prayer meetings; and especially apropos of the next dance house keeper who is "a-goin' to show up, and git to be a Kurristian," I have a little poem to read:

She lived a life of sin and shame,
Spurned by the fool, shunned by the good—
A withered hope, a blasted name,
A blighted womanhood.

She died within a lost'some den—
Unwept for to the grave was borne,
While sleek-cheeked pious hypocrites
Sneered with a smile of scorn.

And said: "This is the end of sin,
And Satan now has claimed his own;"
Forgetting Christ,—"He that is pure,
Let him first cast a stone."

"Judge no', lest ye be judged," He said;
And e'en the thief upon the cross
Gave up his life in penitence,
A gainer by the loss.

And gentle Mary pleads for all;
And she, perhaps, may dwell
Up with the singing hosts of Heaven—
Peace, bigot! who can tell?

THE GHOST ROBBER.

On a fine evening in the spring of 1830 a stranger, mounted on a noble-looking horse, passed slowly over the snow white limestone road leading thro' the Black Forest.

Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when the gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew reins, as he said:

'This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop here, anyhow, for awhile, and see what I can learn.'

He thereupon dismounted and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a small table.

'How can I serve you, Meinheer?' said the landlord.

'See to my horse outside,' replied the guest carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot; 'and let me have some wine—Rhine will do.'

The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stooped and said:

'Which way, Meinheer, do you travel?'

'To Nanstadt,' replied the guest.

'You will rest here to-night, I suppose,' continued the landlord.

'I will stay here for two or three hours, but I must then be off, so as to reach my destination there in the morning. I am going to purchase lumber for the market.'

'And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?' asked the landlord innocently.

'Yes, considerable,' replied the guest, sipping at his wine disinterestedly.

'Then, if you'll take my advice, you'll stay here till morning,' said the landlord.

'Why?' replied the stranger, looking up curiously.

'Because,' whispered the landlord, looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, 'every man that passes over the road between this and Nanstadt for the last ten years has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances.'

'What were the circumstances?' asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again.

'Why, you see,' the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat, 'I have spoken with several who have been robbed; all I could learn from them is that they remember meeting in the lonesome part of the woods something that looked white and ghastly, and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders; they felt a choking sensation and a smoothering, and finally died as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside robbed of everything!'

'Indeed,' ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The inn-keeper looked at him in astonishment. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed for a long time.

'You will remain, then?' suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

'I?' cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction as though he was not sure that he was the person addressed. 'Oh, most certainly not. I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night.'

Half an hour later the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty round pace toward Nanstadt.

During a flash of lightning the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace, as though he intended to drop behind.

'Lead on,' cried the stranger, 'don't be afraid.'

'I'm afraid I cannot,' replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse in until he was now at least a length behind his companion. 'My horse is cowardly and unmanageable in a thunder storm. If you will go on, though, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road.'

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast-pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement, and stopped.

'Guides should lead, not follow,' said the stranger quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

'But,' faltered the guide, 'my horse won't go.'

'Won't he?' queried the stranger, with mock simplicity in his tone.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to understand perfectly, for he immediately drove his spurs into his horse's flanks and shot a head of his companion without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the road.

He heard the clatter of his horse as he galloped off. Without waiting another instant he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

'This cursed beast almost ran away with me,' cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.

'Yes, I know,' said the stranger, dryly 'but mark my words, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health.'

They both turned, and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the head of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness:

'Now friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without a word of notice. Now push on.'

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident from his muttering that he was alarmed at something besides the action of his follower.

In the mean time the thunder had increased its violence, and the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For awhile the two horsemen rode on in silence—the guide keeping up his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement, as a cat would watch a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his uplifted arm.

'Have mercy, Meinheer,' he groaned, 'I dare not go on.'

'I give you three seconds to go on,' replied the strange sternly: 'One!'

'In heaven's name, spare,' implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear; 'look before me in the road and you will not blame me.'

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the center of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scence, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough looking to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly intercepter, for the next instant he set his teeth hard while he whispered just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide:

'Be it man or devil!—ride it down—I'll follow. Two!'

With a cry of despair upon his lips the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand.

In another instant the guide would have swept past the dreadful spot, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the dark forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off through the woods riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The stranger stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral:

'Here, Wilhelm, ye move out of your perch this minute and give me a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?'

The stranger was nonplussed for a moment, but, recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible, and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse, and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would-be ghost he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass about the size of a man on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and bore it to the ground.

'I arrest you in the King's name,' cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight. 'Stir hand or foot until I have you properly secured and I'll send your soul to eternity.'

This was such an unexpected turn of affairs that the would-be ghost could hardly believe his own senses, and was handcuffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he found time to speak.

'Are you not my Wilhelm?' he gasped.

'No, landlord,' replied the individual addressed; 'I am not. But I am an officer of the King, at your services, on special duty, to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son Wilhelm, who you thought was leading an innocent sheep to the slaughter, lies in the road, killed by his father's hand.'

Two weeks later, at Bruchsale prison, in Baden, the landlord of the sign of the Deer and Ghost Robber of the Black Forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders and artfully-contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black Forest, paid the penalty of crimes by letting fall his head from the executioner's ax, since when traveling through Schwartzald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any Ghost Knight of the road in that section of the world.

TEST OF DEATH.

A competitor for the prize offered by the French Academy of Sciences for a certain test of death, gives the following.

Produce a blister on a finger or toe by means of a candle held several seconds in contact therewith, a thing which always takes place on the living or the dead, if the candle be held long enough. If the blister contains serosity, (the water of the blood,) it is a positive sign of life; if, on the contrary, the blister only contains air, or vapor, it is certain to be a *cadavre*. In other words, for a dry blister, death; for a wet one life. A mistake is thus not possible.

Whether this be correct or not, it has the claim of ancient belief. *Vide* the old Scottish ballad:

"Out spak her cruel step-minnie;
'Tak ye the burning lead,
And drop a drap on her bosom
To see if she be dead.'"

—The captives held in Abyssinia by Theodore numbered seventy-one, and cost about $2,000,000 each to be released.

—In the schools and colleges maintained or aided by the British government in India, the average attendance of pupils last year was 190,656.

—The mercantile navy of the North German Confederation consists of 6745 vessels of 605,701 tons burthen.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

Mr. David Macrae writes as follows of children in this country:

American children are undoubtedly precocious. I think this peculiarity, though partly owing to the quickening effect of climate, is due to some extent to the American practice of bringing children to the table from their infancy. A new England lady, who boasted of eleven children (a very rare thing in New England) told me that every one of them had been brought to the table at seven months old, and at thirty months could handle their forks as neatly as she could. Brought to the table so soon, and hearing all that goes on, they begin at a preternaturally early age to take an interest in general affairs and to acquire the ideas and language of grown people. An old doctor of divinity in Canada said that one day calling at a friend's house, a little girl was seated in to amuse him till her mother was ready. The child told him, among other things, that she had been writing a parody on Kingsley's song of the "Three Fishers;" but when drying it at the fire, it dropped from her hand and was burned. "Burned!" exclaimed the doctor; "if I had been the fire I should have stopped till you had got it out again!" "Oh no, doctor," said the child, gravely, "You couldn't have done that. Nature, you know, is nature, and her laws are inviolable!" It nearly knocked the doctor off the chair.

I remember one day at dinner—this was in the State of New York—being amused at the exquisite combination of epicureanism and forethought on the part of a little boy of nine. "Mother" said he "give me only a little of the mince pie, as I shall want to taste of the pudding."

The children's remarks on political subjects tickled me most, for the reason, perhaps, that I have so rarely heard anything of the sort from children at home. A small boy of eight will stand up to you, and say—"What do you think, sir, of the state of the country?"

I remember being amused, beyond expression, at one little boy in Brooklyn, who, during the time of the impeachment trial, began one evening at supper, to upbraid his father for having supported Andrew Johnson.

In one of my former papers I spoke of a little Canadian girl who in the midst of a conversation on politics, threw in her opinion that Canada should have had Maine and part of New Hampshire.

A case, suggested by its similarity, occurred in Boston, where a little girl, not much higher than my knee, with whom I was playing a game on the carpet, asked me, with a serious countenance, what effect I thought the acquisition of Russia America would have on Great Britian. I laughed, the question was so old but, on seeing the little eyes looking up into my face in mute surprise, I recovered myself as suddenly as possible, and endeavored to put matters to right by saying that the thing might possibly lead to some snow-balling between the two nations. But the little politician in petticoats evidently thought this was trifling with a grave subject, and said no more.

There is one unpleasant feature of American precocity, it tends much more frequently than here to pertness, and utter want of reverence for parents. "Papa, don't be foolish," I heard one little girl say, when her father was attempting to describe to me how some comical Frenchman had spoken at a public meeting. You will sometimes hear a child say to its parents, "You get away!" or "Don't trouble me just now." The parent never seemed to me to feel this as a Scotch parent would.

I remember an indulgent father bringing in a bunch of grapes for his little boy. "Come, you are a good fellow after all," said the child cheerfully. The parent seemed to me rather gratified at so kind a recognition on the part of his little son.

I remember another brave little fellow of four years old, who sat near me at dinner on a tall, slim nursery chair, wiping his mouth after the first course, and saying: "Give me some of that tart, mamma, and ring the bell for Emma, I want some fresh water."

This is only one case out of many that help to explain what a New England lady meant when she said, "I am learning to be a docile parent!" "Parents, obey your children in all things," is the new idea. It is not, after all, so great a stretch to anticipate, as somebody suggests, that we shall by and-by see on the sign board of some American store—"John Smith & Father."

Another incident occurs to me in connection with the same little fellow who directed his mother to ring the bell. One day, when dinner over, his mother said to him, "wipe your mouth my darling." 'Say please,' "Well darling *please*." Precocity wiped his lips solemnly, as if an important moral lesson had been given, and requested to be lifted down from his chair.

There is much less of this in the South, where the modes of thought and feeling are more like our own. But this is the growing idea in the north, independence, reciprocity, the sinking of old and even natural distinctions in democratic equality. Do to me whatever you expect me to do to you.

Let it not be supposed, however, that American children are rude, or ill-behaved. On the contrary, they struck me as more polite, more considerate, more orderly, as a general rule, than our own; but they need to be dealt with in a different way. You must treat them as persons who have a will of their own and a right to exercise it. You must appeal to their reason and their good sense. If you appealmerely to your own authority you are apt to get a pert answer.

"Remember whom you are talking to Sir!" said an indignant parent to a fractious boy; "I am your father, sir!" "Well who's to blame for that!" young impertinence: "'tain't me!"

One little boy, to whom I have already referred, was making himself very disagreeable on one occasion when his mother had him with her on a visit to some friends. She took him to a bedroom, and told him that if he did not behave himself she would shut him up in the closet. "You can't. There ain't a closet here," said the child triumphantly; "I'll put you into that wardrobe, then." "Now you won't." "I will." "Try it!" She took him instantly, put him in, and turned the look. Thereupon Young America began to kick up a tremendous noise inside, battering the doors of the wardrobe as if he would knock them off their hinges. His mother, fearful that he would do mischief either to himself or the furniture, and remembering that the house was not hers, took him out and said in great distress: "O George, I don't know what to do with you!" "Don't you?" said he, looking up into her face. "No, indeed, I don't." "Then," said he, "if that is so, I'll behave,"—which he accordingly did, marching into the other room with her, and conducting himself for the rest of the evening like a little gentleman. She had capitulated—given up the struggle for authority. He was now behaving on his own responsibility.

This case suggests another which illustrates the same point, but has a grotesque feature of its own. A gentleman in Northampton, with whom I spent a very delightful week, and who belongs to one of the old Puritan families, told me that for several years he had tried whipping with his boy, but found it ineffectual. One occasion he was caught in an oft-repeated fault. His father took him to his room; upbraided him for his persistent disobedience; reminded him—which was probably unnecessary—that he had several times been obliged, in the way of parental duty, to apply the rod of correction; that it seemed to have as yet been in vain; that he was much disheartened, and was at a loss what to do with him. A bright thought occurred to the boy. "Father," said he, "suppose you *pray*!" The father was a good man, and could not refuse to do this. But having a strong suspicion in his mind that the boy had suggested this Christian exercise in order to escape punishment, he prayed for the young reprobate first, and whipped him afterwards. He told me, however, that he had never been able to make anything of the boy till he gave up flogging and appealed to the boy's sense of what was right and proper.

This seemed to be the general experience in the States. In most of the American schools whipping is discontinued, and in many cases prohibited by law: and yet I can testify from my own observation, that the order maintained in those schools is more perfect than I have seen in similar schools elsewhere. The precocity of American children and the democratic ideas that pervade society and filter down even into the minds of the youngest, account, probably, for three facts—first, that American parents, guardians, and teachers do not expect the same reverence and unquestionable obedience that is looked for and inculcated with us; second, that the children there will not be governed by mere authority and force; and third, that happily, as a counterpoise, they become at an exceedingly early age amenable to reason.

OUR HOUSEWIFE FUTURE.

The era is one of crafty wheels and lathes. Our mad American rush has pervaded every corner of our lives, and almost driven domestic happiness from the hearthstone. We are in the midst of a number of growing evils, not the least of which are, on the part of men, club-house life and indisposition to marry, and on the part of women, over-worked house-wives, or a perfect uselessness and incompetency. The last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of "Co-operative Housekeeping," discusses the evils which we have indicated, and from which we give to our readers the leading points. It can hardly be denied that entirely too much is required of the young American housekeeper of to-day. The old-fashioned housekeeper carried the art of housekeeping almost to perfection, but she was educated to nothing else. The women of to-day have different surroundings and influences. Feminine education is vastly different from what it was fifty years ago; the fragile American physique of to-day cannot endure the labor of our great-grandmothers; and the attention which must be given to society, the accomplishments etc., prevent many women from doing their housework well. Thus the fact remains that while our women enjoy so many more advantages than those of fifty years ago, there never was so much anxiety, poor health, poor work, and discouragement among women as now. The evil has become so great that men of moderate incomes are afraid to marry. They certainly cannot think of marrying the woman of their choice, but must consider domestic capabilities as paramount to beauty, love, and all the accomplishments.

The housewife of history, from the days of Solomon to those of Rev. Lyman Beecher, has been the woman always at the distaff and the loom, who helped to milk the cows, made the butter and cheese; wove all the linen and woolen for the family, and knew all the mysteries of cooking. The lady was the loaf-giver. To-day we live in times vastly different. Now our cheese is made at a factory, and cows are milked by machines; all our butter comes from St. Albans; there is hardly a house in the land with its spinning-room; candles are made by illustrious European exiles on Staten Island; the "lady" never made a loaf of bread in her life; and as for the cooking, our soups are put up at the Rumford Laboratory in Boston, and Bridget in the kitchen spoils the rest. In the olden time every woman was self-supporting and created nearly half the wealth and supplies of the world. Now we seldom see women engaged in out-of-door labor, save in the rural portions of Vermont, or among the Quaker and Dutch settlements of out-of-the-way places in Pennsylvania, or in the remote West. As population increases, and society consolidates, women become of less and less use, and look for work and support in other channels.

But the fault is not theirs. The times have changed, and left them far in the rear. The day was when our ancestors knew nothing better, and wanted nothing better, than what their wives and daughters could do for them. By the introduction of machinery and manufactures, all this work has been taken out of their hands. And still the women cannot find the time, the knowledge, or the power to do their housework. The feminine consumers of to-day largely outnumber the producers. Men are in a great measure to blame for all this. They frown down all attempts at woman self-support, and and wish them to be nothing but "wives and mothers," content to be supported by the men. The girl of the day is educated to believe that to please is her vocation, not to act. If she only does this she is fit for nothing—if she has higher aspirations, all the doors are barred against her. She complains that there is no work at once suited to her taste and commensurate with her ability, in which she is allowed to engage. She cannot engage in agricultural or manufacturing production; she wants the department of labor known as the distributing production, and would at once enter the retail trade if it was not already filled with men. This, of course, for the single and unemployed women. As for the married, the *Atlantic Monthly* looks to co-operative housekeeping to lighten the burdens of domestic life, and asserts that co-operative storekeeping will fail until this steps in to carry out the idea to its noble fulfilment. In the present unbalanced and dislocated state of society, this plan is certainly well worth considering, but we doubt if it will be found practical. Already our washing is done on the co-operative plan, as well as the baking of bread. And yet we all cry for the home-made bread of our mothers, and denounce the laundress for the savage manner in which she treats our shirt buttons. A co-operative beef-steak, a co-operative baked potato, and a co-operative house-cleaning are evils that we had rather dream of than experience. The housewife future is still dim and uncertain.

GIANTS OF OLDEN TIMES.

In one of his recent lectures, Professor Silliman, the younger, alluded to the discovery of an enormous lizard, of eighty feet. From this the professor inferred, as no living specimen of such gigantic magnitude has been found, that the species which it represents have greatly degenerated. The verity of his position he either singularly endeavored to enforce by an allusion to the well known existence of giants in olden times. The following is the data on which this singular hypothesis is based:

The great giant visited at Rouen in 1830, the professor says measured nearly 18 feet.

Gorapius saw a girl that was 10 feet high.

The giant Galabra, brought from Arabia, to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was 10 feet high.

Fannum, who lived in the time of Eugene II., measured 11½ feet.

The Cavalier Scrog, in his voyage to the peak Teneriffe, found in one of the caverns of that mountain, the head of Gunuce, who had 60 teeth, and was not less than 15 feet high.

The giant Forragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemange was 28 feet high.

In 1414, near St. Germain, was found the tomb of the giant Isorent who was 20 feet high.

In 1590, near Rouen, was found a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose body must have been 18 feet high.

The giant Bacart, was 22 feet high; his thigh bones were found in 1703, near the river Moderi.

In 1863 near the castle in Dauphine, a tomb was found 30 feet long, 35 wide, and 8 high, on which was cut on gray stone these words "Kentoluchus Rex." The skeleton was found entire, 25½ feet long, 10 feet across the shoulders, and 6 feet deep from the breast bone to the back.

Near Palermo, in Sicily, 1516, was found the skelton of a giant 30 feet high, and in 550, another 34 feet long.

Near Mazrino, in Sicily, 1516, was found the skeleton of a giant 30 feet high, and the head was the size of a hogshead and each tooth weighed 5 ounces.

We have no doubt that there were "giants in those days," and the past was perhaps more prolific in producing them than the present. But the history of giants during the olden time was not more remarkable than that of dwarfs, several of whom were even smaller than the Thumbs and Nutts of our own time.

THE CELEBRATED CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Finest of all woolen texture and most exquisiti in workmanship is the Indian Shawl. Uniting richness of design with freshness of coloring, it has no rival in the world. It is not only the most splendid tissue ever wrought by the hand of man, but it is also the most solid and durable, whether it adorns the shoulders of a modern belle or the waist of an Eastern potentate.

The Vale of Cashmere, where roses ever bloom, is the seat of this manufacture. The Cashmere shawl is woven by hand from the finest wool grown in Thibet. The wool is first spun and then dyed. It is woven in segments, which are afterwards joined so skillfully as to leave no trace of the seam visible. The flowers are then worked in by hand, after which the shawl is cleaned and covered with strong size, made principally of rice, when it is ready for market.

Shawls were formerly made in pairs, but since European dealers have invaded Cashmere more than two are made from the same pattern.

If destined for Europe, the shawl has to be disencumbered of its provisional dressing. For this purpose it is washed in the river flowing from the Lake of Cashmere, whose waters are reputed to preserve the colors, a property attributed to the aromatic plants growing on its banks. A sheet of paper is laid between each fold of the shawl. It is enclosed in four or five envelopes, and packed with the utmost precaution.

So delicate and complicated a work can only be accomplished by workmen versed in it from infancy, and who living upon a handful of rice, are satisfied with moderate wages.

The best workmen scarcely earn more than from three to four cents a day. The low price of labor will always render Europe tributary to Asia for this luxurious production. A shawl which cost $400 at Cashmere, or at Umritsur, in the Punjaub, where these shawls are also fabricated, could not be made for less then $5,000 to $6,500 by European workmen. The material only enters into twenty per cent. of the cost. Hence many French manufacturers have formed establishments at Cashmere and Umeritsur, where shawls are made by native workmen; but in to many instances they have introduced their own designs, which have changed the national character of the shawl, and often in these cases the beautiful tissue is concealed beneath a mass of embroidery.

Shawls of a courser quality are also made at Loodiana, where this industry was introduced by a colony from Cashmere, recruited every year from the valley. The colors of those made at Loodiana are very solid, and bear constant washing. They are warranted in brilliancy of tints, consisting principally of brown, black, dark bottle-green and indigo blue. The colors most prized are a dull yellow shade of amaranth, and most brilliant of all a kind of rose pomegranate of the finest quality. The favorite color in India is the bright cooper green; it fades, but is very brilliant and costly, and is chiefly employed where palms are introduced into the design. Another shade of the same color is used for the warp of the finest shawls, as is also turquois blue, a most costive color.

At Loodiana the workmen are seated three together at the same strip, in front of a cylinder upon which the warp is rolled. Each has at least fifty shuttles. The chief sits in the middle and guides the other two. In one pair of shawls is six hundred days work; they would cost at Loodiana, if of the finest quality made, about $100. The white shawls with green palms are coarsest.

These Loodiana shawls are heavy, the palms stiff and ungraceful, and they are destitute of the softness so much admired in Europe; of this they gain in a great degree by wear and washing. From their cheapness Cashmere cannot contend with Loodiana in the Indian market. What the Indian produces by years of manual labor, the European now obtains in a short time by means of machinery. Shawls are made in the Jacquard loom by workmanship the most intricate and complicated.

An attempt has been made to imitate these shawls in France, but the perfect softness of the India shawl has never yet been equaled.

Another great merit of the India *cochemire* consists in the harmony and effect produced from the proper distribution of color and the rich invention of their patterns; these give them an evident superiority over the French shawls, which last are chiefly distinguished by their well-chosen designs and the perfect regularity of their weaving, equally apparent both in the ground and border. The Cashmere wool is the most delicate and difficult of all tissue to work, so that the Eastern natives, by their success in weaving it, have earned the reputation of being the most patient and skillful weavers in the world.

From the St. James Magazine.]

BURIED HOPES.

Glorious water, deep and cold,
In thy inmost depths my thoughts unfold,
Solemn and death-like thy beauty seems,
Fittest of shrines for hopeless dreams;
Bury them, far 'neath the moon's pale beams,
None to behold.

Beautiful moon, pure and bright,
Shed on the water thy heaven-sent light;
Down in the depths below the wave,
Crush'd by the world they could not brave,
My hopes are hid in their watery grave,
Far out of sight.

Glorious water! beautiful moon!
Grant, O grant me this precious boon—
That your ripples, in endless music, sing
A requiem of plaintive murmuring,
And your beams a tremulous light shall fling
Over their tomb.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

James Crichton was born in Perthshire, Scotland. August 21, 1551, and studied at the University of St. Andrews. After he completed his course of studies, he traveled on the continent, exciting wonder everwhere he went by the extent and variety of his learning. He is said to have spoken and written neatly twenty languages, and maintained public discussions with the most learned professors in every city to which he came, as was customary at that time. What seemed still more remarkable, he was not more skilled in the various intellectual branches of knowledge than he was in athletic exercises. Few men could run, jump, wrestle, ride or fence with him without establishing his superiority, while his skill in music was the wonder of those who knew him. He was called from the university of his genius, The Admirable Crichton, Paris, Rome, Venice and Padua were witnesses of his triumphs. Having settled in Mantua, where he killed in a single combat a great prize fighter, who had previously killed three men, he was appointed by the Duke of Mantua tutor to his son Prince Gonzaga, a wild and dissolute young man. He, envious of high qualities, and jealous of the superiority of Crichton, took an opportunity during the carnival, when masks are almost universally used, to attack him with five of his followers. The strength, agility and skill of Crichton, however, made him more than a match for them. He disarmed and disabled them one after another; and when the last begged his life, he found him to be his pupil, the prince. He immediately returned the

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SUNDAY APPEAL.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 8, 1868

THE NEWS.

Some curious discoveries have recently been made at Saint Creiz, near Ville Neuve-de-Marsan, France. The remains consist of antique walls of great thickness, and of rooms adorned with mosaics in good preservation. The remains of a boat have been discovered sunk beneath the bottom of the river Sevres, which probably belonged to the Normans.

The Nashville *Union and American*, of Thursday, facetiously says: "It is reported in Radical circles that General Grant will offer the position of Secretary of War to General Robert E. Lee, whom he supposes will come as near filling the bill as any other man on the continent. This appointment is not yet officially announced, and probably will not be for several months to come.

A New York dispatch of the 5th says the steamship Ocean Queen, from Aspinwall 28th ult., has arrived. Her dates report a battle in the Department of Los Santos, between the forces of Gen. Correrosa, President of Panama, 300 strong, and 100 Conservatives under Veidere. The latter were routed with nine killed and two wounded. Correrosa had proceeded to Chiriqui to put down the rising there. Capt. Little, of the Columbian war steamer Bolivar, refused the request of Correrosa to aid him. Nothing later from the South.

The sailing of Gen. Dulce, of Spain, for Cuba, of which troubled state of the sea, he has been appointed Captain General, has been delayed by his illness. When he does sail he will carry with him a decree providing for an election of deputies. He will also be empowered to introduce liberal reforms, and to divide the island into three provinces, probably for its better government. A new Captain General of Porto Rico has been appointed by the Spanish Government, in the person of Gen Contreras. Olzaga and his party have issued a manifesto in favor of a monarchical form of government. Petitions for the abolition of slavery continue to be received by the provisional government. It is positively asserted that the Mexican Republic is about to be officially recognized by the provisional government.

The London *Morning Post* of a recent date semi-officially announces the formal dissolution of Parliament on the 11th inst. All contested elections will commence on the 16th. The new Parliament meets on the 9th of December, at which time the Queen's speech will be delivered, announcing the policy of the Ministry. Mr. Dennison, it is thought, will be re-elected Speaker of the House, which will be ready to proceed to business on the 14th of December. It is believed that the opposition will move an amendment to the Queen's speech, which will probably be carried, after debate by a large majority. The House will then adjourn, and, on reassembling, a few days later, the Premier will announce his resignation and those of his colleagues in the Ministry. Mr. Gladstone will then move an adjournment over the holidays in order to afford time for the formation of the new Cabinet.

The efforts of the Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico a few years ago, to find the Government to which he was accredited were trifling, we imagine, to those which await the American vessels of war sent up the Paraguay river to demand of Lopez the release of the members of the United States Legation held as prisoners of war by the Government of Paraguay. It is impossible just now to say where the Government is. Assumption is in the hands of the allies, and a near as we can make out, the Government which President Lopez represents is on wheels, or a mule's back, and located in a country so dreary and desolated that the Brazilians are at a loss how to reach it. Still, the demand is just one; the only problem being how to enforce it. Paraguay has politically ceased to exist. It is in the hands of enemies who will have no more compunction about partitioning and appropriating its territory than Russia and Austria had when the national existence of Poland was sacrificed to their ambition.

The Paris journals, says a dispatch of the 5th from that city, have editorials on the result of the Presidential election in the United States. The *Patrie* says: "Gen. Grant is the man of the nation, not of a party; he saved the Union, and will restore it to its former standing among the great Powers. Americans are everywhere enthusiastic over the result, and Europe applauds the decision of the Republic. This election establishes order and peace—the highest aim of the United States." The *Standard* regards the election as a "culmination of the victory over the South. The mission of Gen. Grant is a difficult one. He will find it necessary to oppose Congress; the affairs of the country require a strong and able hand to repair the broken links of liberty. Both continents have reason to be pleased with the result. Gen. Grant is a worthy successor of Washington." The *Journal des Debats* and other Ministerial journals are satisfied with the result, and call Grant the true successor of President Adams. The *Presse* declares that the success of the Republican party is the triumph of centralization and thinks it singular that a soldier should be elected chief of a great Power, while the nations of Europe seek peace.

The London journals, says a dispatch of the 5th instant, comment various upon the election of Grant. The *Telegraph*, after noting the lofty character and position of Grant, says the defeat of the Democracy was richly deserved; they should have accepted the results of the war by nominating Judge Chase, and not Horatio Seymour, a peace man, whose election would have been a recantation of all accomplished by the war. The *Daily News* thinks the American people are evidently weary of their last year's experience, and demand a strong government. The *Morning Standard* charges the Republican party with suppression of freedom in several States, the enfranchisement of hundreds of thousands of ignorant blacks, and the disfranchisement of nearly all the Southern people "in a state of things," it continues, "compelled with the fact that the Radicals hold possession of the State governments, and had control of the polling books, with their notorious readiness to abuse this power, made the Democrats fight at a terrible disadvantage. But, had the Democratic party nominated Chase or McClellan, instead of two second-rate politicians, it might have been successful in the election." The *Times* holds that, though the Democrats are beaten, and the representation in Congress is largely against them, they are yet a powerful party and must greatly influence the policy of the Government. The success of General Grant no one is disposed to regret. He has fairly won his high rank by hard work, real devotion to his country, and services which will live long in its remembrance. He is no politician, and will take his office with greater freedom than if, the hero of a hundred battles, he had entered all the shibboleths of party.

Vice-President (elect) Colfax was entertained on Thursday night last at a private banquet given by Gen. Moorehead, of Pittsburg, at which he was met by the leading Radicals of that city. He was also serenaded by the Turners, and made two brief speech s, from one of which, as reported for the Cincinnati *Commercial*, we copy as follows: But we are going to have a country so free and so loyal, presided over by a man so true to his country, that you may sing these songs anywhere. I speak of Pres ident Grant. From his own utterances you will find that before he wrote those magnetic words, "Let us have peace," if you look back to his acceptance speech, when the committee waited upon him (and I remember hearing the words as I afterward read them) that he said he was for peace and quiet and protection everywhere; and what he says he generally does. He will bring to the duties devolving upon him as President the same energy, the same ability and the same will that have hitherto characterized him; and when he says there shall be peace and quiet and protection everywhere, let traitors beware, for he means what he says, he will carry it out. As for the future, under the administration of President Grant, I look forward to an era of peace and prosperity—an era of development in all manufacturing and all agricultural industries, which are the very backbone of any nation beneath the circuit of the sun. With Grant's zeal to stop every wasteful expenditure of your treasury, and his opposition to every event to imperil your business; with Grant, who under a Divine Providence has been called to fill the Presidential chair, I trust we shall have a future of unexampled prosperity.

THE LITTLE ROCK RAILROAD.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." The recent triumph of the Radicals in Arkansas insures the endorsement of the General Railroad Act passed by the Legislature of that State at its last session, and therefore ample aid to any railroad enterprises that may now be under way or may hereafter be projected within its borders by responsible and honorable parties. Among others we may expect to hear of the Little Rock Railroad availing itself of the provisions of the bill, which will insure to it $1,300,000, a sum equal to its early completion and full equipment, and a few dollars to spare. There is nothing now to prevent this road, of the first importance to Memphis, being finished by July next and in time for our commission merchants to canvass Arkansas for her wheat crop, and prepare for the generous cotton crop that will as surely find sale in Memphis as the product of the surrounding counties of our own State. We hope the gentlemen who have charge of the Little Rock road will press their claims upon the Legislature of Arkansas as promptly as that body meets, secure the aid promised, put the bonds upon the market and rush the work through with the speed of the "Union Pacific."

THE DEMOCRATIC IS THE WHITE MAN'S PARTY.

The APPEAL for more than twenty years has been true to the Democratic party and to the principles and policies promulgated and enforced by it in States, in the Houses of Congress, and from the Cabinet of Presidents. "Universal suffrage and equality" have never been doctrines of the party, therefore we cannot uphold them. In the late canvass, in the State of Missouri, where these questions of "universal suffrage and equality," first sprung upon the country by HORACE GREELY, and with whom they are pet theories, were fully and squarely met, the Democratic party triumphed in opposing them. And in every other State of the North and Northwest where the people have been appealed to, they have triumphantly vindicated the policy of the Democratic party in rallying its forces under the banner inscribed "for a white man's government."

It is not the APPEAL that leaves the Democratic party, but the *Avalanche*, which announces its own platform of "universal suffrage, *equality* and justice." The APPEAL to-day stands upon the platform adopted by the New York Democratic National Convention, which declared the question of suffrage should be settled by the States. Give Tennessee the right to speak; let her intelligence speak and vote upon this platform of the *Avalanche*, so widely different from the Democratic, and while they would cheerfully concede the justice, as we do, they would utterly repudiate the "universal suffrage and equality" doctrines that to day are the mainstay principles of the Radical party.

We part from our neighbor with regret. We remember the scathing rebukes it has administered to the "universal-suffrage-and-equality" Radicals of Memphis; we remember its bitter denunciations of all who upheld and promulgated their sentiments of equality; and only recently, the day after the election, its words of warning and woe to the Radicals who in Tennessee had assisted so much toward our defeat, and we are dumb stricken at the change of policy to which it sticks with a pertinacity that forces a deep, a heartfelt, and a poignant regret from us. Alas! that such things should be. But it is true that "times change and men with them"—and newspapers too. It is useless to wrestle with the *Avalanche*, as it is useless for us to argue upon the expediency or inexpedieney of what we cannot help. But we will again remind our contemporary that it is not incumbent upon us to acquiesce in an evil simply because that evil exists. It is no reason for an acquiescence in the doctrines of "*negro suffrage and equality*" that they are at present part of our State's policy. We regret our inability to prevent, yet we shall continue even our feeble opposition to them, because we believe we are right, and are in fullest sympathy with the Democratic party when we do so.

COUNTY FINANCES—MORE BONDS—BARBOUR LEWIS WANTS $400,000.

The Legislature on the 14th of March last passed an "Act to amend the charter of the town of Morristown," the 7th section of which reads as follows:

"*Be it further enacted*, That the Commissioners of Shelby county shall be authorized to issue bonds to the amount of three hundred thousand dollars, to be issued exclusively for the purpose of retiring the indebtedness of said county, and for no other purpose whatsoever. Said bonds shall bear date at the time of their issuance, and shall become due on or before the first day of December, 1883. Coupons shall be attached to said bonds, providing for the payment of interest at the rate of eight (8) per cent. *per annum* to become due semi-annually, to-wit: On the first days of May and November, of each and every year, until the maturity or payment of said bonds. And said coupons shall be payable at such place as the Commissioners of Shelby county may designate."

Another section defines how the bonds shall be issued and the amounts they may be issued in. Another section declares that a *special tax* shall be annually levied, to be paid *only in cash*, for the purpose of providing for the interest on said bonds; and after the expiration of three years from the date of said bonds, *a further special tax* shall be levied, to be paid *only in cash*, for the purpose of providing a sinking fund for the payment of said bonds.

Sometime since, before the meeting of the called session of the Legislature, Mr. MERRIMAN was authorized, we understand, to confer with the Governor and have him call the attention of that body to the wishes of the County Commissioners of this county, their object being to reduce the rate of interest from (8) eight per cent. to (6) six per cent., and increase the amount of bonds (COUNTY INDEBTEDNESS) to four hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. MERRIMAN is, it appears, also authorized to go to Nashville and have the Legislature to act as early as possible on the amendment asked for, that the bonds may be issued at an early date, as the Governor declined to call their attention to it at the extra session.

For the purpose of carrying on our State, county and city governments, we believe it is the right and the duty o our legislators to levy and collect taxes; and certainly we will not object to the issuing of bonds to take up our indebtedness, for we believe our people will never entertain the subject of repudiation. But against issuing bonds as is set forth above, we do most solemnly protest, because the bonds are not needed. The county has no floating debt to b sorbed there is not to-day a sufficient amount of scrip on the market to pay the taxes now due to the county; and we further assert that the county is not indebted ten thousand dollars to her citizens, or to any other party, except what is already provided for. We have no fear that a single sentence of what we have written can be successfully denied—hence we oppose the saddling of this enormous debt *unnecessarily* on the people of this county. Why is it that no exhibit is made of the receipts and disbursements of the county? Why not publish weekly or monthly the collections of the Collectors for the county, as is done by the city.

Why does not the Clerk of the County Court publish the outstanding indebtedness of the county? We demand of him that he state as a public officer the amount of appropriations made by the Commissioners since they entered on the discharge of their duties, together with an exhibit of the amount absorbed by taxes of the county. Until that is done it is the duty of all good citizens to raise their voice against this enormous tax; if the County Clerk fails to make such a report as we here ask for, we believe the Board should make an order positively directing him to do it. The people of this county have no surplus funds to invest in bonds, nor have the people of the South, who know our condition, any more money than they need for their own immediate interests and use in improving their State or county; and the people of the North, to whom our bonds would be carried, have no confidence in our ability or good faith to redeem our pledges; therefore it is our duty, to ourselves, and to those who are to succeed us, that we *we issue no promises to pay* when we are not in debt. Let us have an exhibit, before the bonds are issued.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

What would the world be without GOD? What would man be without religion, that mystic chain, which, extending from Heaven to earth, binds the mortal wandering in sin to the footstool of the Eternal? If physical nature, with her varied powers, in her multiform developments and mysterious action, could, without the presiding and guiding wisdom of a Divine First Cause, move in harmony and safety in the vast as well as the minuter orbits of animate and inanimate existence, then might the human soul sustain itself without JEHOVAH or the CHRIST IMMANUEL. If the unending congeries of worlds, that fill space, could move with safe precision in their assigned spheres, without the Creative Power, then may nations and co mmunities of men exist happily, virtuously, and with orderly and wise laws without the recognition of a GOD. If the fertilizing rain can bless the parched earth without the absorption by the heavens above of the exhalations from land and sea, and their descent again on valley and plain, then may the heart of man work out the results of charity and love without an aspiration after immortality, and without an inspiration breathed back on him from the Great White Throne. But as nature cannot do without GOD, neither can the soul of man abide without Him. In no age of the world's history, so far as we can learn, has man been content to be without some external manifestation of religious sentiment. The barbarian and refined have alike confessed this necessity. The rude Scandinavian and the polished Greek alike invoked the terrors of the immortal Gods to sustain the state and render effective human laws. It matters not how dim or obscure this religious faith, it was, nevertheless, a recognition of the principle that religion in some shape or form is alike a necessity for the individual man and for nations. What Pagan annals have illustrated, Christian ages have proven in this regard. That society is the best and most virtuous, that people is the happiest and most powerful, among whom the altars of the living God rise, to call at early dawn and dewy eve the penitent worshipper for such holy communion as may confirm wavering virtue or fortify sorely-tempted truth and honesty. Even if the most highly speculative intellect cannot at all times reconcile with the deductions of reason the mysteries of religious faith; yet, as the stay of the State, and the only conservator of society, the Church should be sustained alike by the philosopher and the peasant. CICERO was entirely skeptical as to the Pantheism of Rome; but he said that for him to reason out of the hearts of the people the only religious belief they had, when he was unable to supply them with a better, would have been poor statesmanship. Hence he kept his peace, and confined to a very small circle the utterance of his infidel speculations. It is a pity, some of our would-be *savans* of the present day do not follow in the path of the wise TULLY. The Church is the only reliable civilizer. It elevates and refines. It is the best police, and the surest re former of men and women. Its mission reaches from the center to the outermost verge of society, and its work has no bounds or limits. The democracy of the Cross embraces all classes, conditions and races. Neither the accidents of time or place should control its energies. No impious hand should be lifted to fetter its influence. Wherever and whenever Christian enterprize may seek to extend itself, every good citizen should aid and countenance.

We have been induced to write on this theme in view of the proposed address to be made next Thursday evening, at Greenlaw Hall, by the eloquent Dr. PALMER, of New Orleans, on the "Mission of the Church." The proceeds of this lecture are to be expended in our midst, in the extension of church influence to portions of our city, where much religious destitution exists. The great fame of the orator, as well as the benevolent object of his proposed effort, should draw the largest audience. We hope that our people will show a proper appreciation of one of the greatest pulpit orators of our country, and aid the benevolence in behalf of which he will exert his splendid powers.

KANSAS.

LEAVENWORTH, November 7.—Quite a sensation was caused here last evening by the fulfillment of a pledge made by Senator Pomeroy before the election that if Leavenworth gave a Republican majority he would walk bareheaded through the streets of this city. He was followed by an immense crowd composed of tanners in procession with torches and transparencies, and citizens of all political opinions, who crowded the streets along the line of procession to witness the novel spectacle of our Senator trudging bareheaded through the streets to the music of a band. In view of the fact that every one was surprised at the result of the election in this county, the Republicans are making the occasion one of great jollification.

By Telegraph.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 7.—Shortly after twelve o'clock this noon a fight took place between Bernard Metalens, who keeps a lodging house at No. 36 Spring street, and several of his lodgers. Metalens was stabbed in the abdomen by a ruffian named John Stanley. Another man named John Vickers, who was also engaged in the fight, was stabbed by Stanley in the leg and arm. Metalens' wound is of a serious nature, and it is feared that he will die. Vickers' wounds are serious but not dangerous. Stanley was arrested by an officer, and the wounded men removed to Bellevieu Hospital.

The committee of the Union League to investigate the naturalization frauds in the city, is composed of seven gentlemen, as follows: W. E. Dodge, Horace Greeley, Moses H. Grinnell, Isaac Sherman, Isaac H. Bailey, Marshall O. Roberts and John H. White.

An error in the Kings county returns has been corrected, and the Republicans now have two assemblymen, instead of one, among the delegation.

The report that Wormald and O'Baldwin fought in Putnam county, yesterday, is false. O'Baldwin has been here some time, and Wormald is under bonds in Boston not to leave the State for pugilistic purposes.

On Thursday evening Frederick Bond, a native of Austria, aged twenty-four years, married a young lady of this city, of excellent family, great beauty and high character. This husband of a day spent the night in a cell. He confessed that he was formerly a confidential clerk to Bronson Bros., and had forged checks against them. On being arraigned, he freely confessed his guilt, and stated that he had spent $280 for passage tickets for self and wife, by the California steamer sailing next Monday. The rest of the money had been spent for jewelry.

A telegram from Washington, to the effect that the Secretary of the Treasury had decided that he has a right to issue $44 000,000 of legal tenders, making a maximum circulation of $400,000 000, had a magic influence on Wall street this morning, and the gloom and depression gave way to cheerfulness and buoyancy. There was a sharp rebound in value from the extreme low prices of yesterday, and a great rush to buy.

Upon inquiry at the sub-treasury, we learned that Mr. McCulloch had written a letter to Mr. Van Dyke, in which he regrets the money pressure, but has a desire to afford relief before speculators in Wall street in the event of a panic extending outside or the national credit suffering therefrom. He would feel constrained to relieve matters by reissuing some of the greenbacks withdrawn from circulation but not cancelled. Mr. Van Dyke says if the speculators expect him to run up a large balance here to relieve them, they will be disappointed, but if there is any run on the Treasury with three per cent. certificates or matured compound notes than greenbacks would likely be reissued in a certain ratio. The Secretary farther says in his letter he will not sell any more gold or bonds at present. Also that the announcement of these facts tend to restore confidence.

This puts a different face on the matter, and shows the greenbacks are only to be issued in a certain emergency. When this becomes known it will put a damper on speculation for rise, and there was a general decline from the highest point.

The *Commercial Advertiser* says it is useless to talk about ousting Mr. Hoffman from the Gubernatorial chair, and trust that the committees appointed to inquire into the illegal voting will give their time to that particular branch of the subject, and ignore the question of contesting.

NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, November 7.—All the troops sent to reinforce Gen. Rousseau, during the excitement previous to the election, have been returned to their command.

The *Republican* has a leader defending Gen. Rousseau from the attacks of the Radical press North. It says his position during the recent past has been a most difficult one, and knowing as we know what were his views, his wishes and the means at his disposal to enforce those views and wishes, we propose to do a gallant soldier the justice of placing him correctly before the world. Gen. Rousseau, recently from civil life, was well known as a decided Democrat, and it is the part of justice we render him to say that he disavowed with promptitude any partisan bias in the administration of his command when violence and riot threatened its worst consummation. The troops at his command were a mere handful. For a request dispatched from Franklin and Opelousas he responded by an order directing troops immediately to those points; but before they could move, the disorders of the city increased to a degree that not a musket could be spared. Feeling his weakness, he telegraphed the Secretary of War, earnestly requesting more troops to be immediately sent him. The Secretary has entirely acquiesced in the Pantheism of Rome; but he said that for him to reason out of the hearts of the people the only religious belief they had, when he was unable to supply them with a better, would have been poor statesmanship. Hence he kept his peace, and confined to a very small circle the utterance of his infidel speculations. It is a pity, some of our would-be *savans* of the present day do not follow in the path of the wise TULLY. The Church is the only reliable civilizer. It elevates and refines. It is the best police, and the surest re former of men and women. Its mission reaches from the center to the outermost verge of society, and its work has no bounds or limits. The democracy of the Cross embraces all classes, conditions and races. Neither the accidents of time or place should control its energies. No impious hand should be lifted to fetter its influence. Wherever and whenever Christian enterprize may seek to extend itself, every good citizen should aid and countenance.

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WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, November 7.—Although the Secretary of the Treasury believes he has power to reissue notes redeemed but not cancelled, it is not determined what he will do, as this will depend upon circumstances; and according to what is believed here of an improved condition of the market, it may not necessarily resort to that measure in order to afford relief.

Brevet Major Gen. J. T. Carroll, by direction of the Secretary of War, is ordered to report to Gen. Hancock, commanding the military division of the Atlantic.

Gen. Kilpatrick paid his respects to President Johnson to day.

Gen. Canby also had an interview.

Fractional currency printed for the week, $630,000. Shipped, $467,995. National Bank currency in circulation, $299,535,875.

Brevet Brig. Gen. Horace Brooks, Colonel of the 4th U. S. Artillery, now in command of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, is next in rank to Gen. Canby, and therefore succeeds him in command of the department at Washington.

FLORIDA.

TALLAHASSEE, November 7.—Two thousand stand of S tate arms, in transit by railroad from Jacksonville to this place, were seized by a party of unknown persons last night, near Madison. A train with a detachment of soldiers left here for the place of the robbery at four o'clock this morning.

A second dispatch states that from the best accounts received, the parties who destroyed the State arms on the railroad, last night, must have forced open the cars at Madison, where they broke open the cases of rifles and destroyed and distributed them along the track for several miles. They also destroyed the ammunition. The arms cost the State $20 000.

Hamilton has been re-nominated for Congress by the Republicans. The Legislature is still in session, but will probably adjourn to-day.

W. W. Saunders, colored, is out as an independent candidate for Congress.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON November 7.—Returns from the interior show that the Republican majority in the State will be largely reduced. Reed and Simpson (Democrats) are certainly elected to Congress. The First District is in doubt, with a probability of the re-election of Whitmore (Republican).

WEATHER AND RIVERS.

LOUISVILLE, November 7.—River rising—five feet in the canal. Cloudy and warm.

CAIRO, November 7.—Down, Louisians, 9 p.m.; Gill, 10 a.m. Up, Marble City, 8 a.m. The river rose four inches.

PENNSYLVANIA.

HARRISBURG, November 7.—Gen. Grant arrived here to-day and was presented to a large assemblage, but merely bowed his acknowledgment of the cheers that greeted his appearance. He left for Washington at 11:30.

PHILADELPIA, November 7—The Bulletin table makes Grant's majority in Pennsylvania 28,397.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, November 7.—The case of Miss Brecker, who appeared before a registration board some time since and claimed the right to vote in the coming election and was refused by the registrars, has been taken before the courts for adjudication. This movement was made in behalf of the women of the district to establish a precedent for female suffrage. The case was argued at great length in the court of common pleas before a full bench, Sir G. Boswell presiding, Mr. Coolridge supporting the claim and Mr. Meliet opposing. There is considerable anxiety to learn the decision of the court which will be rendered Monday.

LIVERPOOL, November 7.—The bark Kate Dorton, Capt. Slocum, of St. Johns, N. B., from Liverpool to Bombay, was burned at sea. The Captain, first mate and thirteen of the crew had arrived at St. Helena, but the fate of the rest of the crew is unknown.

TELEGRAPHIC MARKETS.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, November 7.—Cotton dull and a shade lower; uplands, 25½c. Superfine flour, $5 7696 10. Whisky, $1 03. Rice quiet. Coffee dull. Sugar—Island, 11@12½c. Cuba Molasses, 42@45c. Wheat nominally unchanged. Corn, $1 load 16½. Dry Goods—Heavy brown sheetings, 15@16c; printing cloths, 7@7½c; prints, standard makes, 12½; Amoskeags, 25c; calico and merinoes, 12½c; New York Mills bleached muslin, 25c; Bartlett, 15½c; Ellerton, 17½@18½c.

Money easier; call loans, 7 per cent. Sterling, 8½@8¾. Gold, 135¼@135⅝. New Tennessee's, 68@68½.

New Orleans Market.

NEW ORLEANS, November 7.—Cotton stiffer; Middlings, 22½c; sales 4.00 bales; receipts 3272 bales; exports 6634 bales. Gold, 35@35¼. Sterling, 45@45½. New York Sight, ¼ discount. Sugar firm and ¼ higher. Molasses—High grades firm. Flour unchanged; superfine, $5 50 choice, $9 @9 50. Corn—None on landing; new, 75@$1 05; old dru; store, $1 10. Oats—Landing bare—65@66. Bran, $1 20. Hay scarce; Western, $30 00@31 00. Pork dull and irregular at $32 00. Bacon scarce and firm; shoulders, 14@15c; clear rib sides, 18½@16c; clear sides, 20c. Lard dull and irregular, there, 17½@18c; keg, 21½c. Coffee steady and unchanged.

Louisville Market.

LOUISVILLE, November 7.—Tobacco firm; lugs $6 00@8 50; leaf, medium, $11 00@14 00; cutting, $16 00@18 25@. Flour—Superfine, $5 00@5 10. Wheat nominal at $1 70@1 90. Corn, old shelled, 90c; bulk new, 60@65c. Barley, $1 75@2 00. Malt, $2 25@2 85. Rye, $ 25@1 90. Potatoes, $2 00@2 25. Lard, new, 20c. Bacon—Shoulders, 14½c; clear rib sides, 18@18½c; clear sides, 19@19½. Whisky, raw and free, $1 05. Cotton, 25½@25¾c.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, November 7—Flour and wheat unchanged. Corn, old, 85c; new, 60@62. Oats and rye unchanged. Cotton quit; middling, 25½c. Pork, new, $24 00. Lard, 15½@16. Bacon, shoulders, held at 14c; sides, 16½@18c. Green meats, 7½c and 10@12c. Butter, 35@38c. Eggs, 30c. Sugar, 13@15½c. Coffee, 25@25½c.

St. Louis Market.

ST. LOUIS, November 7.—Tobacco drooping. Flour—Superfine, $4 70@5 25. Wheat, $1 50@1 95. Corn, 80@85c. Oats, 48@55c. Pork, old, $29 25; new, $24 00. Bacon—Sides, 17½@18½c; hams, 18c. Lard, 16½. Whisky, $1 05@1 10.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, November 7.—Consols for money, 94⅝@94¾. 5-20s, 73¾.

FRANKFORT, November 7.—Bonds, 78¾.

PARIS, November 7.—Bourse firmer; rentes, 71f 10c.

LIVERPOOL, November 7.—Cotton steady; sales 12,000 bales; prices unchanged.

NEW ADVERTISEM'NTS

WANTED—2000 bushels good SWEET POTATOES, by
WOLCOTT SMITH & CO.,
nov8 lt Nos. 8 and 9 Howard Row.

NOTICE.

PERSONS having business with us will find our Agent, Mr. E. W. BRADFORD, fully authorized to make settlements, at the store of Messrs. A. Vaccaro & Co., 324 Front street.
nov8 1m W. K. HILL & CO.

Family Soaps, Toilet Soaps,

LARD OIL, AXLE GREASE, TINWARE, House Furnishing Goods. Call at
PRESCOTT'S,
nov8 2t 40 Jefferson Street.

Billiard Tables at Auction.

ON TUESDAY MORNING, the 10th inst., we will sell two Billiard Tables, at our Salesrooms, 231 Second street, with Cues, Balls, etc.
W. H. PASSMORE & CO.,
nov8 2t Auctioneers.

S. STERNBERG & CO.,
Removed from 334 Front,
To 200 Front.
Wholesale dealers in TOBACCO AND CIGARS. nov8 1f

FOR RENT CHEAP.—No. 340 Adams street. The whole Building and Premises, except the two rooms occupied as offices by Drs Frayser & Willett. Also, a FARM on the Randolph road (4) four miles from Court Square—140 acres, 116cleared. The cleared land is rich and requires little. Apply to
R. DUDLEY FRAYSER, Attorney,
nov8 3t No. 19 Madison street.

WHOLESALE FOR CASH.

COTTON YARNS,
OSNABURGS,
PLAIDS,
And other HEAVY STAPLES constantly arriving at
WM. R. MOORE & CO.'S,
299 Main Street,
nov8 1w Next Door North Peabody Hotel

LET THERE BE LIGHT

AND LET IT BE

FROM SUNLIGHT COAL OIL,

IN a Sun Burner Coal Oil Lamp and the new Halo Shade, and then you have just what you want—brilliant and beautiful. You will find it all at
PRESCOTT'S
Pioneer Lamp and Oil Store,
nov8 2t 40 Jefferson street.

IMMENSE STOCK

—OF—

ELEGANT AND CHEAP GOODS

BOUGHT AT THE

RECENT DECLINE OF PRICES

In New York, just opened, and will be sold at correspondingly low prices at
L. KREMER'S.

WINTER OPENING.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10th
nov8 1w

GROCERIES AT AUCTION

—BY—

BY A. E. FRANKLAND,
No. 197 Main Street,
WEBSTER BLOCK, - MEMPHIS, TENN.

I WILL SELL ON MONDAY MORNING, 10 o'clock, at Salesroom:
50 bbls. Sugar House Molasses,
200 kits Mackerel and Roe herring,
50 bbls. and half bbls. Mackerel,
200 boxes Smoked Herring,
100 cases Tomatoes, Green Peas, Strawberries, Blackberries,
50 cases Catsup and Pepper Sauce,
80 dozen Ale and Porter,
10 bbls. Vinegar,
10 boxes Chewing Tobacco,
10 boxes Snuff.
Also, Sundries, Indigo, Sardines, Furniture.
Also, 50 boxes RHINE WINE and CLARET.
Also, at same time and place, for benefit of whom it may concern, 100 pairs 10-4 FRENCH BED BLANKETS
TERMS CASH. A. WALLACE,
nov8 2t Auctioneer.

Removal.

ONLEY & DUVAL have removed their law office to the Southwest Corner of Monroe and Second streets. oct6 1m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS TO COUNTRY MERCHA'TS

GREAT ARRIVAL

—OF—

DRY GOODS

TO BE SOLD

CHEAP TO THE WHOLESALE TRADE

PRINTS, PRINTS, PRINTS,
LINSEYS, LINSEYS, LINSEYS,
JEANS, JEANS, JEANS,
OSNABURGS, OSNABURGS,
TENNESSEE PLAIDS,
DOMESTICS,

IN ALL OF WHICH

We Offer Special Inducements

MENKEN BROTHERS,
Cor. Court and Main Streets.

CUMBERLAND HOUSE,

(Late Whitemore House),

Nos. 109 and 111 Adams Street,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Tobias Wolfe, : : Proprietor.

THE proprietor takes great pleasure in announcing to his many friends and the public generally, that he has recently taken charge of the above named House. He promises by close personal attention to the business, aided by polite and efficient assistants and attendants, to insure for his guests unsurpassed accommodation and the fullest satisfaction.

The House is centrally located, convenient to Railroad, Steamboat, Theater, Post-office, all the Churches, and in the most cleasnly, quiet and respectable portion of the city. After thoroughly renovating, refitting and furnishing the establishment, he now solicits a share of the public patronage, with the assurance that they shall be made to feel at home.

TERMS:

Day Board.....$7 00 per week
Transient.....$2 50 per day

TOBIAS WOLFE,
nov8 dawlm Sole Proprietor.

DEAN, McGINNIS & CO.,
No. 4 Broad Street, New York,
Bankers & Commission Merchants.

S. SCHIFFER & NEPHEWS,
39 Vesey Street, New York.

Liberal advances will be made by the undersigned on all shipments of Cotton to the above houses.

J. A. BRIDGLAND,
Office, 1st National Bank.
nov7 2m

REMOVAL.

L. ROCCO,
No. 249 Main St.,
Opposite Odd-Fellows' Hall.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I HAVE removed my place of business from the corner of Second and Madison streets to the above named place, where I will be glad to meet all my friends and customers.

Candies in all Variety, Cakes, Fruits, Nuts, Preserves, of Choice Quality.

My Candies are all manufactured from the purest Sugars, and I guarantee them free from any and all the numerous adulterations so often used by unscrupulous manufacturers.

I shall continue to carry on the GROCERY BUSINESS in connection with the Confectionery, as usual.

Remember the place, No. 249 Main street, opposite Odd Fellow's Hall.
nov5 1m L. ROCCO.

REMOVAL!

W. P. WRIGHT,
Produce & Commission Merchant
AND DEALER IN
HAY, CORN, OATS, BRAN, ETC.
HAS REMOVED TO
No. 11 Monroe St.
nov5 1m (Price & Yeatman's Old Stand).

WHEATON NURSERY

Established in 1840.

A LARGE variety of Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, Evergreens and the finest varieties of Fruit Trees also, a full assortment of Hot House Plants and Flowers, and everything usually found in a first class Nursery, which I offer for sale at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. The stock on hand having accumulated for the last few years, it becomes necessary, on account of a want of room, to dispose of the surplus, which I will offer at greatly reduced prices, and cheaper than any Nursery north or south of this latitude can possibly furnish them. They are the selections of the late Dr. Wheaton, whose long experience is the best guarantee of their being not only what they are represented to be, but as being peculiarly adapted to the Southern climate—a market for which he devoted his especial study.

In addition to the above, I have a very large stock of Magnolias, which I can offer at greatly reduced prices, and which will be carefully packed for transportation by an experienced gardener.

Catalogues, with prices and any information wanted, will be sent on application to
WADDY THOMPSON,
P. O. box 120, Memphis, Tenn.
Terms cash or city acceptances. nov3 dawtf

Bankrupt Sale of Real Estate.

In the matter of JILSON P. JOHNSON, Bankrupt. In Bankruptcy at Memphis.

BY virtue of an order of sale entered in the above named matter, on the 12th day of October, 1868, by the District Court of the United States for the District of West Tennessee, in Bankruptcy, I will sell, on

Tuesday, 10th day of November, A.D., 1868,

To the highest and best bidder, for cash, at the front entrance of the U. S. Courthouse, Waldram Block, No. 42 Main street, Memphis, Tennessee, between the hours of 9 o'clock a.m. and 4 o'clock p.m. and commencing at 12 o'clock m. of said day, all the right, title and interest, legal and equitable, belonging to said Bankrupt on the 18th day of February, 1868, in and to the following described real estate in the county of Scott and State of Kentucky, on the waters of South Elkhorn, consisting of two tracts of one hundred and twenty-nine and three-tenths perches, and fifty-two acres and three roods, respectively, adjoining each other, and lying on the south side of the Georgetown and Frankfort Turnpike road, about six miles from Georgetown, Kentucky, and bounded on the south by the Ironworks road, on the west by lands of Mrs. Keaney, on the north by the said Turnpike and on the east by lands of Jackson, Frankham and Lear.
WM. Y. CHOATE,
Assignee of the Estate of Jilson P. Johnson.
Memphis, Tenn., October 20, 1868. oct21

WANTED.—An experienced and competent manager to take charge of "Prairie" Plantation, in Oaahoma county, Miss., six miles from Friar's Point. The place is above overflow, and well stocked and supplied with all conveniences, and will work about fifty hands. Most of the hands now on the place were my former slaves and are extra good. Make early